The Centurion

COVER BY HERBERT SIEBNER

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 5
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Portrait by Karsh, Ottawa

DR. MALCOLM G. TAYLOR

This issue of the *Centurion* is respectfully dedicated to Dr. Malcolm Gordon Taylor, the first President of the University of Victoria.

It is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Taylor is a giant in his field, Public Administration. Some of Dr. Taylor's articles and papers are already classics, and his mastery of his subject in its theoretical aspects was acknowledged several years ago when he was appointed the first editor of *The Canadian Journal of Public Administration.* Not merely a theoretician however, Dr. Taylor's practical abilities as an administrator were attested by his appointment as a special consultant to the Prime Minister of Ontario during the years 1955 to 1958, his services, for briefer periods, as consultant to the governments of Manitoba, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and Quebec, and his membership on the Advisory Committee of the Royal Commission on Government Organization, better known as the Glassco Commission. Unfortunately, most of the fine work that he performed in these capacities must remain unknown because of its confidential nature.

The achievements of Dr. Taylor's past, outstanding as they are, will be dwarfed by those of his future. During his period of office as principal of the University of Alberta's new Calgary Campus, which ran from 1960 to 1964, he proved himself one of the most brilliant university administrators in North America. His reluctant decision to resign was regretted by his students and his faculty alike. When the news was released, the flag on the pole before UAC's administration building was lowered to half mast. The student newspaper, *The Gauntlet*, published a black-bordered editorial occupying its entire front page. This editorial stated, in part:

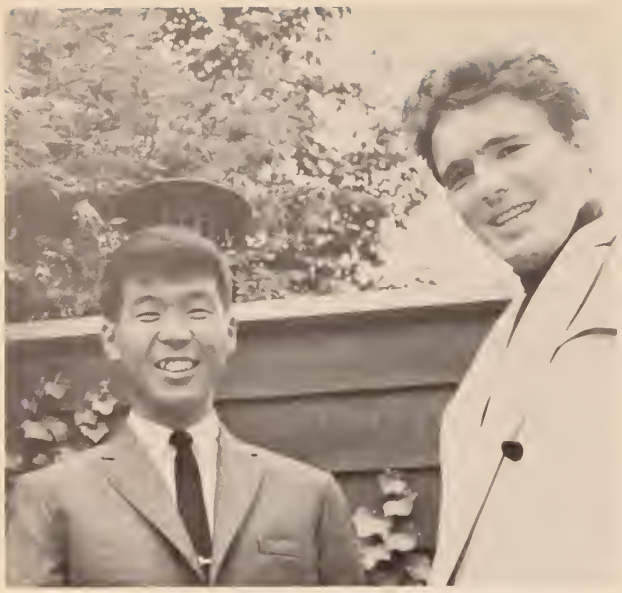
> We received the news of Dr. Taylor's resignation with dismay and anger; dismay at losing such a fine man, and anger at the circumstances which apparently prompted his resignation.
>
> Dr. Taylor's departure will be deeply regretted by professors and students alike. His leadership in UAC's first four years was invaluable, and we wish that he could continue with the task he began so well. . . .
>
> He is a rare combination of scholar and administrator. His devotion to the life of the intellect is unquestionable. In his addresses to students, Dr. Taylor tried to explain that a university prepares men to make not only a living, but a life. He tried to communicate his own sense of the joy of learning and the worth of knowledge. . . .

A Faculty Association press release said, succinctly: "Dr. Taylor's resignation is an incalculable loss to the University of Alberta, Calgary, to the city of Calgary and to higher education in the Province of Alberta."

This then is our new president. He arrived on the campus of the University of Victoria brimming with enthusiasm. "You may feel," he told the Student Assembly in his welcoming address, ". . . that you are not as lucky as some who are entering the ivy halls of older institutions. But let me remind you that you are luckier than most. For here is a University not so old as to be staid, not so large as to be impersonal, not so young as to be unready. There are millions in the world who would love to be in your place." Among these millions are the more than two thousand students of the University of Alberta in Calgary, who for four years were stimulated by Dr. Taylor's energy and brilliance, and who are now entering on the difficult task of readjusting to life on a campus without him.

We of the *Centurion* staff commiserate with those students. But we also feel stimulated by the prospect of working under Dr. Taylor during the years ahead. A university can be no greater than its administration is capable of making it, and Dr. Taylor is a truly great administrator. We have met Dr. Taylor personally, and we can honestly say that our few minutes of conversation with him proved to be a genuinely exciting experience. This man is both brilliant and dynamic, with a personality as powerful as his intellect. No-one could emerge from an encounter with him unimpressed. Already this University has begun to react to the tremendous stimulation of his presence.

The University of Victoria must prove worthy of the remarkable man who is its new president.



EDITORIAL

Editorials are generally the proverbial sure cure for insomnia — mine perhaps more so than most. We'll try to minimize the somniferous influence in this one — but the odds are against us. You see, we're serious this time.

The magazine is substantially different this month. No, we haven't completed "30 Days to Improved Spelling"; nor have we had our typewriters soaped out. Nothing so radical as that. But nor was the dedication to President Taylor an empty gesture. The entire magazine has been geared to provide something of a showcase. By no means is it a display of the most presentable material, aimed at the outside readers who will enjoy this issue, and calculated to create the most favourable impression of our institution. It is more of a "boilermaker," containing as much and as varied material from as many hands as possible, to give Dr. Taylor, and anyone else unfamiliar with our endeavour, an accurate representation of just what we are capable of — for good or for ill. Preparation was hasty, since deadline was almost upon us when we decided on the special issue and received a subsidy to do it. The single fiction piece was deleted and replaced by two prose features, "On the Road" and "The History of Pubs." By this expedient we were able to use nine separate authors, including regular students, an exchange student, a faculty member, and an alumnus. Altogether 18 people have contributed material and a legion more have helped decipher and organize it.

We have also thrown in several fragments published in earlier years on campus. This was not inspired by a dearth of material but a desire to exhume the family skeletons and make a clean breast of it all.

We hope this choice will give Dr. Taylor and the other innocents who are exposed to our magazine a cross-section view of our resources.

The Centurion

VOL. 3, NO. 5

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs:

My most vigorous and heartfelt felicitations on the inception of this fine literary endeavour. It marks an epoch in journalism.

Weary Reilly

Dear Editors:

I enjoyed your magazine, especially the Karate article. In fact, I tried it myself on one of those "knock-kneed Neanderthals" on the beach. Unfortunately, it didn't work. He simply tore my leg off and whacked me across the face with the wet end.

Young Exec.

Dear Editors:

I enjoyed your magazine, except for the Karate article. Unfortunately, it wouldn't work. Some young exec. tried it on me at the beach and I simply tore his leg off and whacked him across the face with the wet end.

Knock-Kneed Neanderthal

Sirs:

I read your magazine, especially the *Mr. Science* feature, with avid interest. I'm looking very much forward to meeting your staff and expressing my sentiments in person. Would Thursday at 10:00 a.m. in my office be a convenient arrangement? I think so.

Herman J. Stalker,
Chief Investigator,
Dominion Narcotics Bureau

Eeeep! —eds.

Dear Sirs:

I protest! Your magazine seems crude and perverted. It is certainly not the type of thing I'd like my children to read.

Holden Caulfield

Sirs:

Your magazine is undoubtedly the filthiest, most disgusting, rawest piece of dirty pornographic pulp I have ever encountered. Please put me down for a lifetime subscription.

John Gough

P.S. Any back issues?

Dear Editor:

I left a copy of your magazine on my father's desk along with the evening paper. Next day I noticed a strange thing: our next-door neighbour was chasing a goat down the street with a garden-hose.

Jonathan Starbuck

Mr. Reid:

When, exactly, do you intend to hand in your English 424 essay?

Burton O. Kurth

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find $50.00. Will this be sufficient to cover my monthly payment to avoid the *Centurion*? Yours hopefully,

Alfred C. Dunwrap

Dear Mr. O'Brien:

As a biochemist, I know for a fact that your airplane glue paper tube will not cause any physical exhileration. To prove my point, I am at present inhaling not one but three of your so-called "joy sticks", and they have not produced the slightest noticeable . . . noticeable . . . notice . . . blleehhaa hah w heee hoo ho . . .

(*Unsigned*)

Dear Editor:

I ate four sausages for breakfast this morning.

Peter Juelsberg

Dear Editor,

Only sacked ambassadors
And out-of-work conspirators
Will join the dread contributors
To "Letters to the Editors."

Only graying warriors
Who've finished up their mem-e-oirs,
And matadors and picadors,
Gored in fat posteriors,
Have half of the audacity
To write of others' chastity
In "Letters to the Editors."

"Dear Editor," they all begin,
And then proceed to write of sin
And vice and politicians:
The frightful cost of electricians:
The younger generation's scarey:
Cats and dogs are far too hairy:
Girls should keep their bosoms covered:
Every man should take a lover:
Yet, nudist camps are quite polite,
And chastity is really right.

Conquistadors, compositors,
Crooked junior auditors,
Senators and orators
Discuss their great progenitors
In "Letters to the Editors."

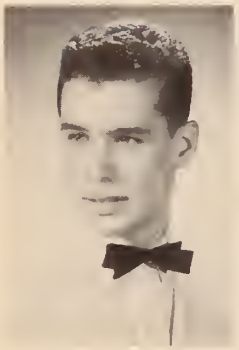
With metaphors inferior,
They write in style superior,
"Bursting forth like meteors,"
And "Time's eternal corridors,"
Pop up like short-lost creditors
In "Letters to the Editors."

Governors and chancellors
Complain of dirty cuspidors.
Bachelors, solicitors
Behave like old inquisitors.
And all the furore
Does occur
In "Letters to the Editors."

O Lord
I fall
Upon my sword,
For I am sure
There is no cure
For that greatest predator —
The one who writes, "Dear Editor."

Robin Jeffries

ON THE ROAD



FAMINE

"Famine," as the nickname indicates, is an old buddy to many on campus, presently in Quebec. His light narrative concerns a trip he made after first year to northern B.C., in the traditional student scramble for employment. The story is true; the names have been changed to protect the dirty . . . !

DR. PETER SMITH

The name Dr. Peter Smith, chairman of the Classics Department and co-sponsor of the infamous Arts and Letters Club, is a household byword since he gave his celebrated open lecture on Seneca. Here he delivers a commissioned report on the recent Philadelphia Classics Congress, which rocked the world.

TAKEYOSHI SHIOZAWA

Takeyoshi Shiozawa, our exchange student from Japan, thanks to his enthusiastic participation in student activities, needs no introduction. Therefore we won't give him one. Here he presents a dissertation on the Japanese concept of happiness. Incidentally, how many of those on campus could write one on western abstracts — in Japanese.

MICHIEL HORN

Michiel Horn, a Dutch treat on the Univic campus for five years, is now serving time as a graduate student at Massey College, Toronto. Mr. Horn takes a long hard look at that peculiar modern phenomenon, the critic, and reaches some non-Emersonian conclusions.

Depending, of course, on reader's response, this could become a regular feature. As the aspiration of many students is to travel in ye goode olde Kerouac tradition, there must be fodder here for many fascinating columns. Also, interesting and refreshing attitudes and information are provided by modern channels of exchange: foreign student programmes, national and international conferences, symposia and seminars, publication swaps, etc. In short, it must be possible to tap reservoirs of ingenuity and enthrallment the world over, and funnel a flow of relatively short, high quality essays, describing physical, mental and spiritual adventures.

Ergo, we suggest that readers everywhere, who don't quite feel up to submitting poems, short stories or other formal pieces of creative writing, might send in pieces of humorous, erudite, argumentative, critical, philosophical, bizarre or just plain fun *reading to make up this feature. An amusing account of the midnight revels in a Belgian monestary, a hair-raising saga of hand-to-hand combat with the abominable Yeté (pictures enhance an anecdote such as this), a penetrating inquiry into Thomist metaphysics from your cloister high in the Andes, a richly embellished document, inscribed with a spider-web pen, under the influence of self-inflicted psychodelics. . . . You get the picture: originality, authenticity, wit and quality — these are the criteria.*

* * *

PENNILESS PILGRAMIGE

By FAMINE

. . . So with your permission I will cut the verbiage short and tide into a long story. A tedious story, but nevertheless it's my story. To begin with, destination was reached Saturday, April 29, about 10:00 whereupon I promptly and gleefully sidled into the most accessible speakeasy disguising itself under the credible front of a respectable hotel (any fool could plainly see that the establishment was above reproach).

* * *

The next day I hit the beat in search of a boarding house for a week's residence. The first notion that popped into my hyperthalmus was the Y.M.C.A. It was common knowledge that fee for a week was $15. No more! No less! But I phoned anyway. The clerk reaffirmed my stout conviction and then added this final caution.

"You realize, of course, that cooking is strictly proscribed by this sect."

She didn't have to include the obvious admonishment in the use of the word "strictly". "What! you think I'm some kind of pig?" I answered. "I'll just dine heartily at the appropriate . . ."

"Sir! We do not, I repeat, do not make provision for meals at this establishment." The sudden click at the end provided a very decisive period. I'm sorta glad she took the initiative. I was just about to scream a few vulgarities into the mouthpiece. It's enough to give a guy the bends.

Well! That's out. Only one alternative — the newspaper. So for the next hour I sat in a small restaurant brooding over a coffee while scanning the ads. Most of the boarding houses were private homes and for a week's residence their consideration would be impractical. I wanted something a little more public, like, like, the Buckley Manor. The ad plainly stipulated in black and grey (I spilled the coffee) that rates fluctuated between nineteen and twenty-five dollars. Another determining factor was its proximity to the centre of town.

About 3:00 that afternoon the three of us; me, my baggage and a lecherous balding callous-case toured that vast gray manor while he extolled the enormous merit of a $25 room punctuated by a mechanical opening of the door, a survey and a double grunt of approval. When he had shown me every room in the place I registered my final and ultimate decision.

"The small room on the top floor will be fine, thanks."

"But surely you don't wish to impose upon yourself the inconvenience of rushing down a flight of stairs to relieve your biological needs, do you Sir?" he queried of me in disbelief.

If it comes to that I'll use a tobacco can. This inconvenience I assure you will be fully compensated at mealtime. Smirk. Will you just W-A-T-C-H me go.

I did go at that. Straight to my room after reimbursing the old carpet-bagger for nineteen fat bezants. The room wasn't small or even average. It was positively microscopic. So much so that I accidentally but boldly barged into an elderly man's domain who was feverishly trying to salvage the last remnants of his stamp collection being blown all over the room.

I darted back out and deftly plugged my ears to lessen the ringing in my skull. You DUNDERHEAD! My allotted room was bereft of any luxuries such as bed, chair, lamp, carpet, or even a serviceable door that locked from the inside. But I have access to two equalizers: food and phone. And I utilized both to the point of exploitation.

Sunday night I unpacked my comb and toothbrush after which I phoned up some buddies. Everybody seemed to check their impulsive "Oh, no!" long enough to salvage a meek "Hi, Famine". But after a few well-chosen quips such as "Look its me, meeee. I'm *not* looking for a grubstake. I've got my own room." They all considered this ample reason to allow my worming into the crowd again. Only one was inquisitive about my exact whereabouts.

"Where's this?" he broached.

"Buckley Manor."

"Oh you NUTTTTTTT. That happens to be an old age home."

"No," I rasped unsteadily.

"Yesss!!"

And it was too. At least I was braced for the shock. I was the only junior in the group. The only spring chicken without arthritis, rheumatism and goae-goeia. But they all had treasures of information concerning job prospects and such like although not one suggestion solidified into something big. Monday morning provided the first inkling of what I was up against when I started looking for employment. At first things looked good as I even got to fill out applications but as the day wore on I wore out trying to importune personnel managers to think before they blurted out facts and figures relating the unemployment situation.

It was obvious. I did not stand a chance in this jungle. What I needed was a little inside pull which would have to be for the time being my uncle. He was working for the municipality and everybody was well aware of the torrid romance between Uncle Bob and Mr. Busch, his employer. With this in mind, I phoned Auntie Battleaxe and arranged to pop over for dinner. I certainly didn't force myself but I imagine she's an insensitive clod if the urgency of my request did not engulf her.

Later Uncle Bob stomped me with his small size 13's by retorting that Mr. Busch having just filled the required service of twenty-five active years for the city had retired to Honolulu hell-bent on instigating the sixty-hour week and no coffee breaks. I was aghast, "But. . . ."

* * *

With the assistance of a regiment of buddies who voiced their opinions as to what areas would be crying for help, I decided or we decided that Dawson Creek was the likeliest prospect. It had many advantages. Logging camps were opening up about this time and the convenient turnover was irrefutable. Dawson was also not too far distant to warrant a huge expenditure of either time or, more important, money, in reaching that destination. Lastly, this choice spot was a thriving terminus for uncountable trucking firms and freightways and their transits were so regu-

lar and frequent that my chances of being left stranded were almost non-existent.

* * *

As all packing was completed and superfluous belongings lugged over to a friend's house, I was left to spasmodic attempts at reading, playing solitaire, watching T.V., applying zinc ointment on my badly crusted toe, and leaving little notes under the doors of my distinguished associates on the third floor bearing the inscription in large shocking characters.

"Leave while you still have the breath of life.
This is a house of ill repute."

* * *

Exodus was made with a minimum of sentiment — and convenience. A hundred miles of hitching, later the following incident occurred in a small town.

I stood at the junction of the highway a mite perplexed The lay of the town completely disoriented my sense of direction. Maybe I was at the wrong junction. I couldn't be certain. To my mortification I decided to seek consultation at the small brick structure set back in the trees displaying in neon lights R.C.M.P.

After making a futile attempt at scrounging up a look of dismay, mild indignation and total innocence tinged with wistful serenity all rolled into one big gob of ridiculousness. I pushed open the large oak door and tramped into the limelight.

I blinked. In the far corner of the room a husky frontiersman in hip boots and makinaw was studiously applying what meagre faculties he could summon up to the large wall-sized map of Southern British Columbia. At my intrusion, he turned sideways, accepted my presence, or at least acknowledged it, then shuffled around to his former position and continued the geography lesson. I sat in the forced silence broken only by his grunts of intellectual victory and my laboured breathing. Five minutes transpired. Then ten. I got up to leave.

He wheeled around. "Sit *down* in that wicker chair before I put you in that wicker chair," he slurred.

I could see right then and there we weren't destined to end up back-slapping comrades. He was too pushy to my liking. I lowered my bag and veritably beattled into yon mentioned and infamous wicker chair to await in cringed and holy silence. I felt like the notorious Louis Riel.

With a flourish Old Man Anacronism rolled up the map, walked over and planted his massive frame threateningly over my wicker chair. "What's your name? Tiny Tim, age 16!" he questioned and answered with an exhausting suddenness.

Obviously I would have to violently contradict this statement but the prospect seemed a little more than I could muster at the time. What came out in answer must have been a dried up croak. I took a deep breath and tried again. "Famine, age 20, social security number. . . ."

"That last ain't necessary," he rudely interrupted. "Oh yeah, where you headed?"

"Dawson Creek," I assured him.

"Got any identification?" he countered.

"Oh yeah, I sure do." To which I dragged out every conceivable scrap of tangible evidence bearing even the remotest reference to my identity. My unemployment insurance card, a theatre pass, a Reader's Digest bill, etchings on my duffle bag and the clincher — my Alma Mater card with picture attached were all submitted for his close scrutiny.

"That you?" he asked, registering noticeable surprise and amusement.

"Well, no, you got me there. It's just a very poor photo of me, a mere representation, I might add."

"Look punk, don't hand me no sauce. I've had it up to here. I can knock you clean off that wicker chair before you see the hand that lays you flat on your uppers. So if you're quite done at running off at the mouth, we'll proceed." I exhaled and blinked in resignation.

For the next half hour I underwent a most harrowing experience. The experts were called in and in collaboration they proved me a lier in so many ways and with such exhausting volubility that in the end their guinea pig, stunned and deafened, hastily and gladly retracted all previous statements for the sake of peace. Even my detailed harangue into the conclusive similarity between myself and the photo were of small avail.

"Look!" I pointed desperately. "Curly hair, glasses, prominent features, blue eyes to the future, mole on the forehead, two nostrils," I summarized.

They weren't impressed. That motley crew of sceptics continued the interrogation and the more they eyed my features, the more I was convinced that I was carrying around somebody else's Alma Mater Society card. It's not a relishing contemplation. Incidentally the etchings on my duffle bag coincided with the name of John Wilkes Boon. How do you ever begin to dig yourself out of a mudhole such as that. I didn't try but sat quietly in genuine grief waiting for the cronies to get tired and retire for the night. They did so around 1:30.

Ten minutes later I established myself at the same junction inhabited an hour previous. Since the protection squads had been so secretive with the data I was forced to rely solely on intuition.

About 1:45, a massive cement truck materialized out of the mist and cold. It stopped and after scamper-

(continued on page 20)

A History of Publications on Campus

by A Biased and Unimpartial Historian

In the dim and dusty past, the long years B.C. (Before Centurion), the state of publications on the Victoria College campus was, as research reveals, chaotic. Archaeological excavations in the garbage-middens of the Lansdowne Cafeteria have recently yielded a few scraps and shards of such prehistoric (and perhaps entirely mythical) enterprises as *The Listener* and *The Spectator*, *The Tatler* and *The Tower*, *The Microcosm* and *The Martlet*. Only the *Tower* and *Martlet* dynasties still survive.

The names of legendary giants and monsters abound in these fragments, though it is frequently difficult to distinguish the one from the other. Keith T. L. Webb and Gary Nixon, RWD and Barb Dickout, John Simpson and Julian Reid — who or what they were we do not know. But the clash and clangour of these Titans in combat still resounds through the musty remnants of crudely-mimeographed sheets of cheap Gestetner paper, and in the memories of a few hoary old-timers who occasionally emerge from their malodorous hovels on warm Fall mornings to haunt the decaying edifices of the Lansdowne Campus like the tatterdemalion revenants of long-dead dreams.

The real history of publications on campus begins with the Heroic Age, which commenced in 1960 when *Stylus* exploded like a damp firecracker on the student body. *Stylus* was devoted to literature and art, but only the most long-suffering of readers could reciprocate this devotion. In short, *Stylus* was dull. Editor-in-Chief Julian Reid soon earned the nickname "Morpheus" because of the universal lethargy that settled on the College whenever his production made its appearance. *Stylus* was a truly heroic effort, but this heroism must be credited, not to its staff, but to that valiant little band of readers who managed to struggle through each issue.

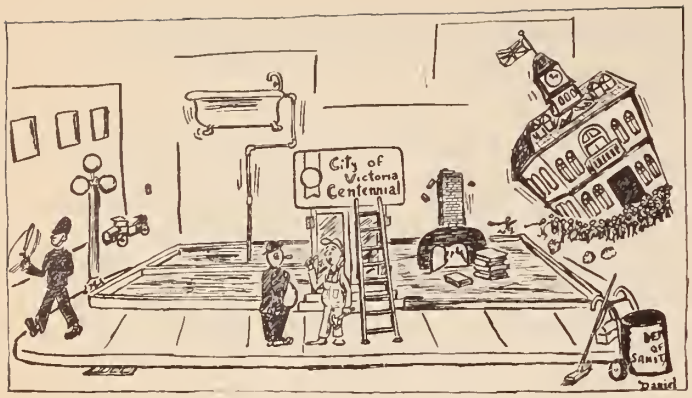
The advent of *Stylus* marked the demise of those prehistoric literary-and-news sheets, *The Listener* and *The Spectator*. But the Student Council's ancient Gestetner machine was not yet idle. Nineteen-sixty was further marred by the appearance of *The Enthusiast*, a news magazine whose sole interest lies in the fact that the first appearance of the paratactic prose of Daniel O'Brien (writing under the transparently obvious cognomen of "Tycho Brahe") sullied its pages. In addition, a furtive (if somewhat corpulent) ferret named Gary Nixon occasionally smeared the late-night mimeographing fluid across the signatures of an execrable "journal of opinion" named *Stimulus*.

The Heroic Age came to a premature demise in 1961, with the advent of two new periodicals and the resurrection of one old one. The newcomers were *The Critic*, a journal of opinion that made *Stimulus* seem literate and *Stylus* exciting, and *The Centurion*, whose first issue made *The Critic* seem both literate *and* exciting. The resurrectee was *The Martlet*, which succeeded in reflecting faithfully the more tedious aspects of University life. All three, for some reason, have survived.

The Dark Ages of 1962-63 were dark indeed. No new publications appeared, and *The Tower*, *The Critic*, *The Martlet*, and *Stylus* plumbed new depths of dullness. Only two faint gleams of light penetrated this dark night of the soul. One was the fact that "Morpheus" Reid had at last been ousted from the editorial throne of *Stylus* by Michael "MacFlecknoe" Stephen; the other was the appearance of *The Centurion* in a new printed format, which rendered its contents legible if not literate. Still at the helm were the two heroes of our Dunciad, O'Brien and Bell, both of whom had gained in experience, if not in stature, during the interim.

After the Dark Ages came the Renaissance. As the great classical revival of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries had inspired a new literature in Europe, so the memory of such giants as Seneca and Plotinus inspired Daniel to assay his epic editorials in *The Centurion* and his phillipic column in *The Martlet*. An entirely new *Centurion* appeared, a well-printed and well-designed magazine of the Arts. After a series of political maneuvers that would have shocked Cesare Borgia, Daniel succeeded in making the magazine the official organ of the Arts and Letters Club, swallowing *Stylus* in the process, and managed to print some genuinely worthwhile literature, art, and humour, with hardly a dull page along the way. *The Critic* also appeared in a new printed format, but linotype served only to emphasize the general turgidity of its content.

By 1964 the Neo-Classical Revival was well underway. To Daniel's Sam. Johnson, Toad Bell played Boswell and Fats Reid Nolly Goldsmith. *The Centurion* aspired to new heights. *The Critic* endured, and seemed endurable to a few. So did *The Martlet*. Faint prospects of new publications rumbled on the horizon. Bastille Day, 1964, was an occasion for general rejoicing. General de Gaulle made a speech. So did Real Caouette. A two-headed calf was born in Iowa. Were these events portents, or were they promises? The campus waited with bated breath.



"Well, the Sign is back."

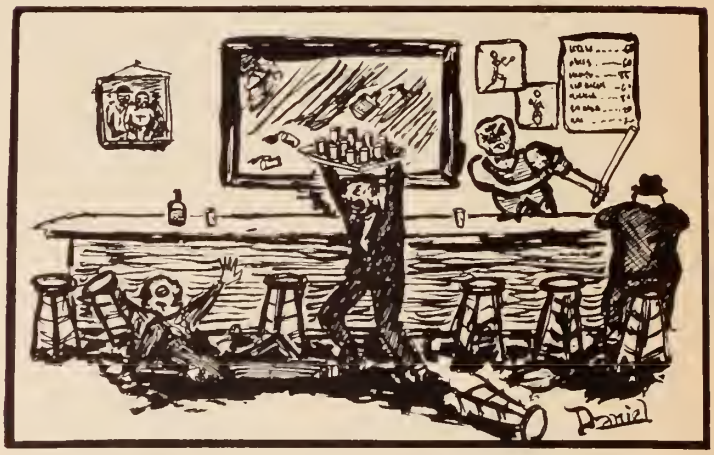
Things improved within a year, but — frankly — not much. This little gem, which appeared in the *Centurion*, Vol. II, was typical of the execrable puns, crudely illustrated, and badly reproduced, which disfigured the publication in its formative years. We've seen worse, but we can't remember exactly where or when. They did have one salutory effect, however. Gradually the thickest skull was made aware of the fact that unless somebody else evinced a modicum of talent, Daniel was singlehandedly going to set art on campus back some 2000 years.

Things then began to move out of the Lascaux period as more gifted individuals rose to the situation.

"Nytol"

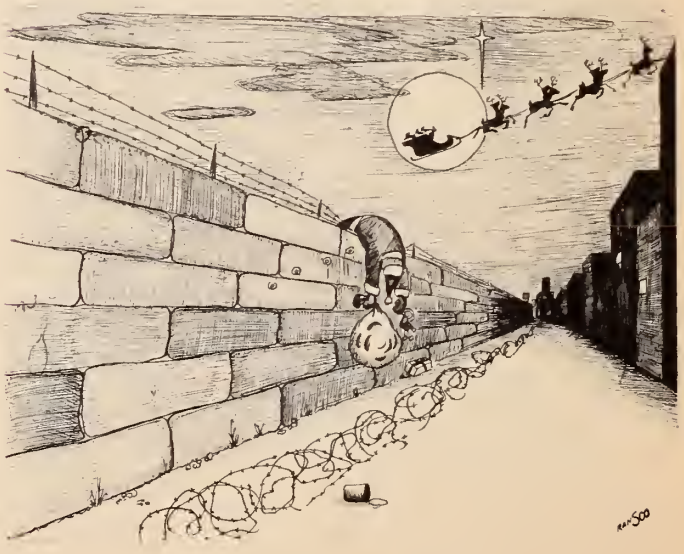
But Pat's sign manual was superb perspective and skillful shading. Naturally the *Martlet* snapped him up immediately as regular editorial cartoonist. Almost every faction has felt the disconcerting prick of his pen at one time or another, as he fulfills the duty of his profession — "To comfort the harassed, and to harass the comfortable." Perhaps the most famous of his efforts was the cartoon which appeared in last December's *Martlet*. The idea of Santa looped over the Berlin barricade, pumped full of machine-gun slugs was not only a clever, if somewhat macabre accessment of modern Christmas spirit; but also, in the opinion of many, a fitting end for the tubby little gent — and no more than he deserved.

Cartooning in the earlier stages of publication was principally devoted to topical coverage of campus events. It was a medium of complaint, argument and exhaltation. Talent was at a premium, but what was lacking in draughtsmanship was fully compensated for in fervor and exuberance. The accompanying sketch (*Centurion*, Vol. I) is a perfect example. Despite its utter lack of artistic merit, it was picked up and run by the *Times*. The event was, of course, the theft of the brand new City Hall sign. The enraged city fathers demanded its return, inspiring this picture. They also demanded payment from the culprits for its reinstallation. They got it — all in pennies!



"You wouldn't hit a guy with glasses, would you?"

Improvement is manifest in this drawing, a variation on Shakey's Othello (*Centurion*, Vol. III). Lyn Wild, thereafter brought four years of Fine Arts training in the field of producing graceful sketches, which were a joy in themselves, irrespective of their humourous content. The latter was there in abundance, but it was a pure treat just to find curvaceous chicks from all ages skattered willy-nilly amongst the formidable blocks of type. Patrick Scott continued this tradition with a succession of mouth-watering fillies in various predicaments. It's doubtful whether many beady-eyed frosh ever read his captions at all!



And even *The Martlet* becomes iconoclastic every once in a long while . . . toilet bowl exposés, ugly girl columns, politically oriented panegyrics, and libelous editorials notwithstanding. Witness this column by an obscure and unknown writer that appeared some time last year.

There is one little gob of Sunday School treacle which must be given the old heav-ho. The David and Goliath yarn must be set straight. You have no idea how strongly I feel about this.

Perhaps my sympathy for the gent from Gath springs from the fact that I was involved in the occasional donnybrook during my own mispent youth.

In one particular diddlebop that flashes now and then upon my inward eye (which is the bane of solitude) things got pretty serious. Rough and tumble was dropped and the inner-tube artillery rolled up. I peeped when I should have ducked and a jumbo-sized chestnut, jet propelled by a schoolboy special caught me right betwixt the orbs. Needless to say, I was rendered totally *hors de combat*. But more significantly, the damages resulting from this blow were manifested not only in their physical symptoms; a slightly distorted cranium, a somewhat less than acquiline proboscis and a lilt to my carriage which persists to this day, but also in the phychological syndrome; a stark phobia of chestnut trees, a penchant for writing weekly columns and a gnawing, deep-seated Goliath complex.

My sense of identification with the Philistine's "Big Daddy" has led me to view the entire match from his point of view.

Consider the following. Goliath stood six cubits and a span in his stockings (Samuel I XVII, 4). A span was the width of the open hand, which varied depending on how many battles you got careless in, but was roughly about six inches. Arbuthnot, a nineteenth-century know-it-all, estimated a cubit at 18 inches. So we can figure our boy at just about nine and a half feet — obviously a gland case but hardly the formidable cross between King-Kong and the Jolly Green Giant that the polychromes in your Catechism books make him out to be.

Now let's face it. A big boy like that needs a lot of groceries. While he was waiting for someone to invent basketball, what could he do but serve a hitch in the army to keep him in beer and skittles. He wasn't mad at nobody. Nowhere in the good book does it say, that he was mean an' ornery an' ugly an' hairy. Just a big dumb country boy trying to make a few drachmas to help out the folks back home on the farm.

Now look at David. Maybe he wasn't any nine feet tall but he was no push either. He used to get his kicks by punching out lions and bears, when he wasn't stealing hubcaps off chariots (XVII 36).

So Goliath is standing there loaded down with about ten tons of regular army issue, wondering if this is really better than pushing the plow, when suddenly dirty Dave runs out, dressed for all the world like a water boy, and instead of hacking it out hammer and tongs at close quarters, like Goliath was taught at boot camp heroes were supposed to do, he hangs back and nails our boy with a piece of Irish confetti out of his shepherd's sling. Hardly cricket, eh wot? And just for the benefit of my dear old Bible school pedagogue, who used to smile beatifically when she'd coo "with only a shepherd's sling," I beg to inform you that the sling was one of the most devastating precision weapons of ancient times. One of the boys from the Balearics could drive a leaden sling bullet clean through your ko-ko and half way down the throat of the guy behind you faster than you could say Armageddon.

Goliath didn't have a harlot's chance in a monastry. The Gath *Gazette* would have handled it something like this:

"LOCAL YOUTH SLAIN BY JUVENILE DELINQUENTS."

Goliath, well known son of the local retired army officer Rapha, was fatally injured today by one of a number of teenagers lounging around the camp where he was stationed. His assailant was apparently a member of the gang who call themselves the Israelites and have been responsible for an outbreak of vandalism in that area. Goliath's father, shocked and grieved by the tragic incident, demanded immediate action. "These little punks have to be taught a lesson," he commented bitterly, "it's getting so a decent giant isn't safe walking down the . . ."

The Future of Pubs on Campus

The future of pubs on campus is something I don't even like to think about. First of all I avoid thinking about anything at all whenever I can (it interferes with my courses). Secondly, if I do think about pubs, I prefer to think about the kind where I can obliterate my thoughts about everything, especially the other kind of pubs, with a couple of Leslie's special "Depth Charges." And what's more, when I must think about the other kind of pubs I get violently ill if I think beyond the next deadline. As a matter of pure unvarnished fact I become conspicuously ill just thinking about the next deadline. And incidentally, tonight is the next deadline.

Let's face it, I never wanted to be an editor in the first place, let alone voicing any burning desire to confect platitudinous loads of barf with titles like "The Future of PUBS On Campus". To be utterly candid, I always wanted to be a native bearer in old Tarzan movies. Fresh air, good exercise, cute alligators, and all the casava-root porridge you can eat — what more could you want? I was gulled into this racket by a long, low man in a coonskin roadster who accosted me in an alley, and after selling me a package of perfectly pornographic French tarot cards, hood-winked me with a promise that if I edited the *Centurion* for a week or so he'd try to get me an in with J. Arthur Rank. Well, I'm still editing the magazine, not to mention trying to peddle it like bootleg rum to unsuspecting clots on campus. And I haven't seen hide, hair, hoofs or horns of that Joe for over three years now. But believe you me, if I ever hear from him or any of the major studios for all that, I'll be out of here like a dose of salts.

But why? my masochistic reader asks .Because of the people you have to work with. An evening spent in collaboration with Mad-Dog Bower and High School U.S.A. Bigsby is roughly comparable to a month spent spread-eagled on an ant hill with honey on your nose.

Nor do I have to go outside the *Centurion* staff to find cretins .The whole ghastly gaggle of 'em, in my private estimation, belong in a cage with straw on the floor. Our Distribution Manager sits around the office recounting with relish, for the hundredth time, and in lurid detail, the entire episode of the time he ran away from home but came back in half an hour because he had to go to the bathroom. "I was a Catholic — I couldn't go in a ditch." Our Art Critic amuses herself by inking tiny, grotesque faces on the toes left exposed by the cast on my broken leg, and drawing witty analogies between my dimunitive pinky and a cucumber. Toni, a contributing artist, writes cheery little stories about voluptuous retarded damsels chained to posts in their barns, planning to murder their doggies which have rickets and inferiority complexes because they're called "Doggy" and don't have proper names like other doggies; then leaves them around the room without endings just to fix nosy people who read them without his permission. Fats Reid (I like your trousers, Fats, who shines 'em for you?) perches like a vulture behind me while I'm getting a cerebral Charlie-horse trying to think of something especially trite to say about the future of pubs on campus, and snickers "It was your idea, nhuhh, nhuhh, nhuhh."

My idea! — my foot! (which by the bye now has five little Brueghel-type physiognomies to embellish it.) If we followed my ideas around here we'd fill up our pages with naught but horoscope columns and features on bridge games, like the one I saw in the paper the other day.

> North opened with a bid no trump and West passed. South's seven spade bid was distinctly optimistic and apparently he had no play for it, because the club finesse was wrong. However he was able to make the contract by means of a very unusual squeeze play. East took exception to this and countered with a single raise, five level oath. North then passed to dummy, but she didn't respond (noticeably). West ruffed the first diamond, lead one trump, and noticed that East had blanked her cigarette in his coffee. West then passed. It was too high for East but caught South just below the ear. North saw this, and proceeded to slam, leaving West counting his hand. Satisfied there were still ten, West recountered with a double raise, contracting North and East into the pop machine. Dummy's luck ran out, however, because her partner jumped to a four no trump, crushing his hand. At this point, North-South communications broke down with a cracked shin on East's behalf, who contracted with South to plant North solidly on the beak. West played his hand well (though slightly swollen), raising dummy four feet, and leaving her trumped on the floor. . . ."

Now isn't that better than a lot of pretentious prognostications about the future of PUBS on campus. I think so.

The only thing I can offer is something about the history of pubs on campus. Late in 1964 the *Centurion* staff published a perverted history of pubs on campus and every man jack of 'em was taken out, strung up by the heels and dipped in boiling peanut butter.

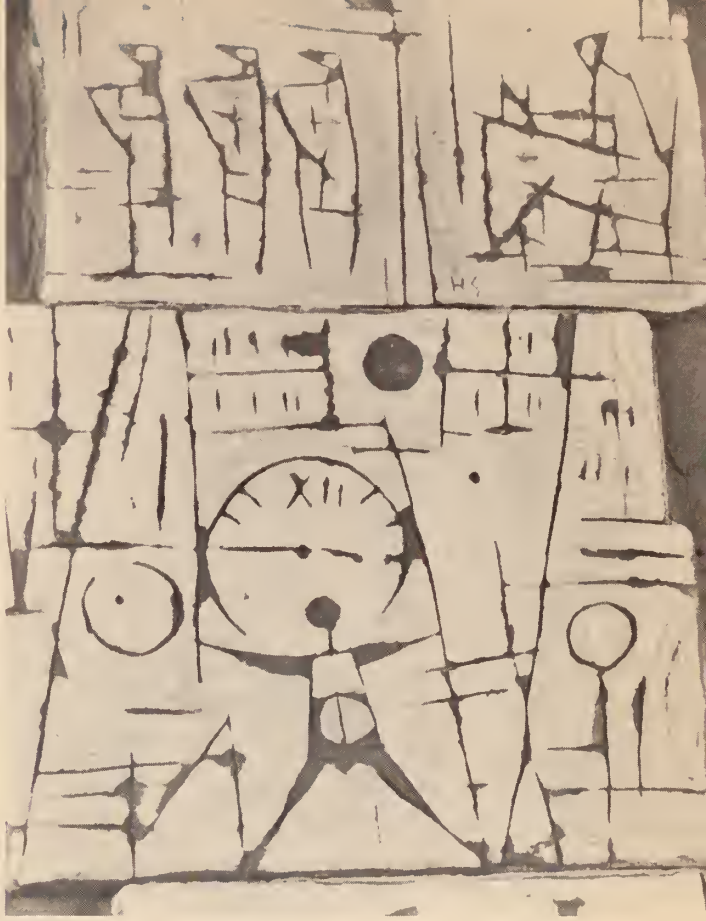
—Daniel

The latest acquisition to campus art treasures is Herbert Siebner's mural, "Man and the Universe". The mural is composed of thirty-one cement panels, each of which, done individually, took ten to twleve hours. To decorate the panels Siebner used the ancient technique of scraffito, incising his design into the moist cement. The additional colours serve not as background but emphasize and unify the design.

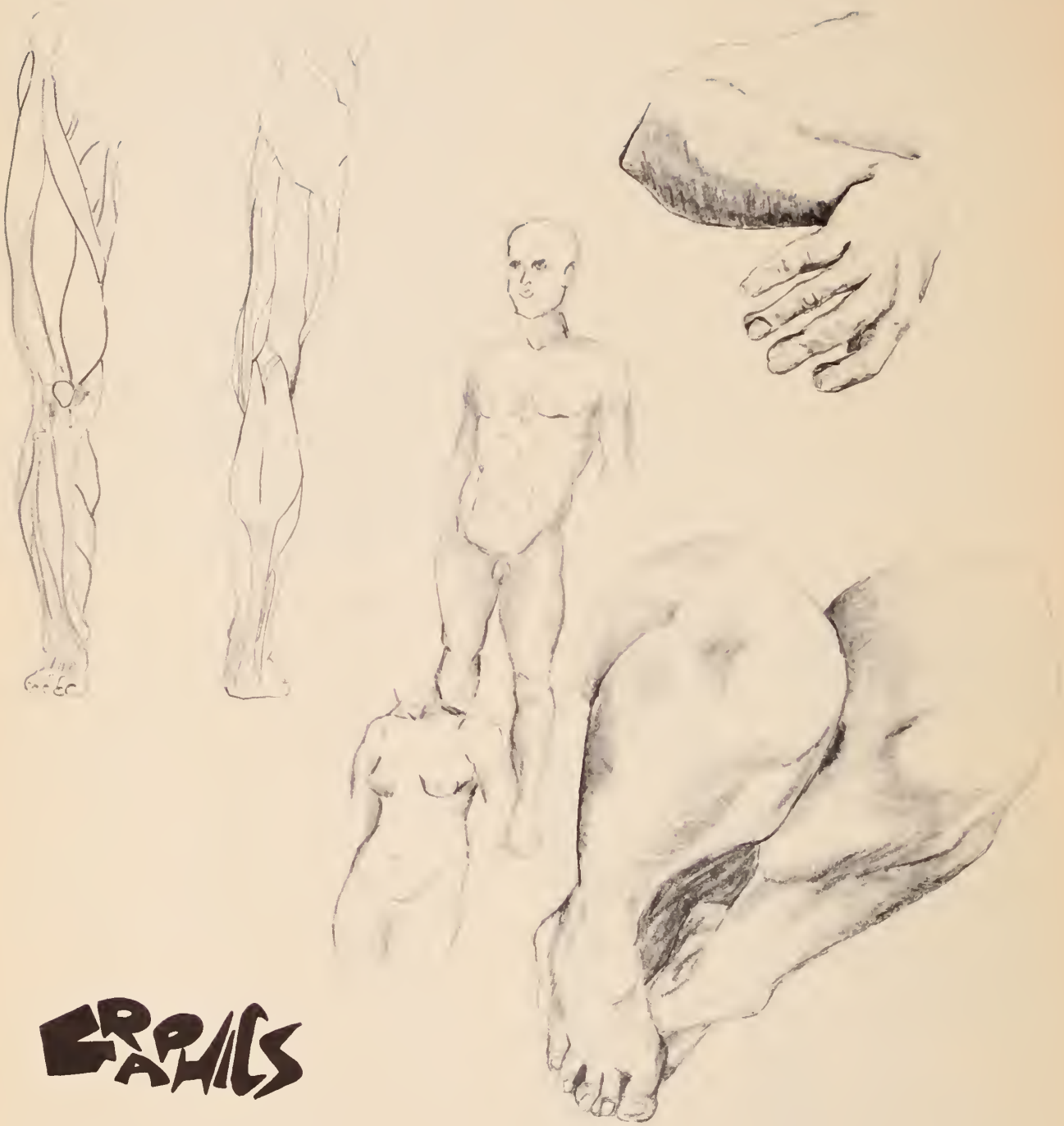
In his newspaper article, Professor Skelton unfairly criticized the colour of the cement surrounding the blocks. When first done it *was* a little bright, but now the cement has dried and does not in the least detract from the panels. Siebner has coated the background with a mixture of bees wax, oil and varnish which will preserve the color for the coming generations.

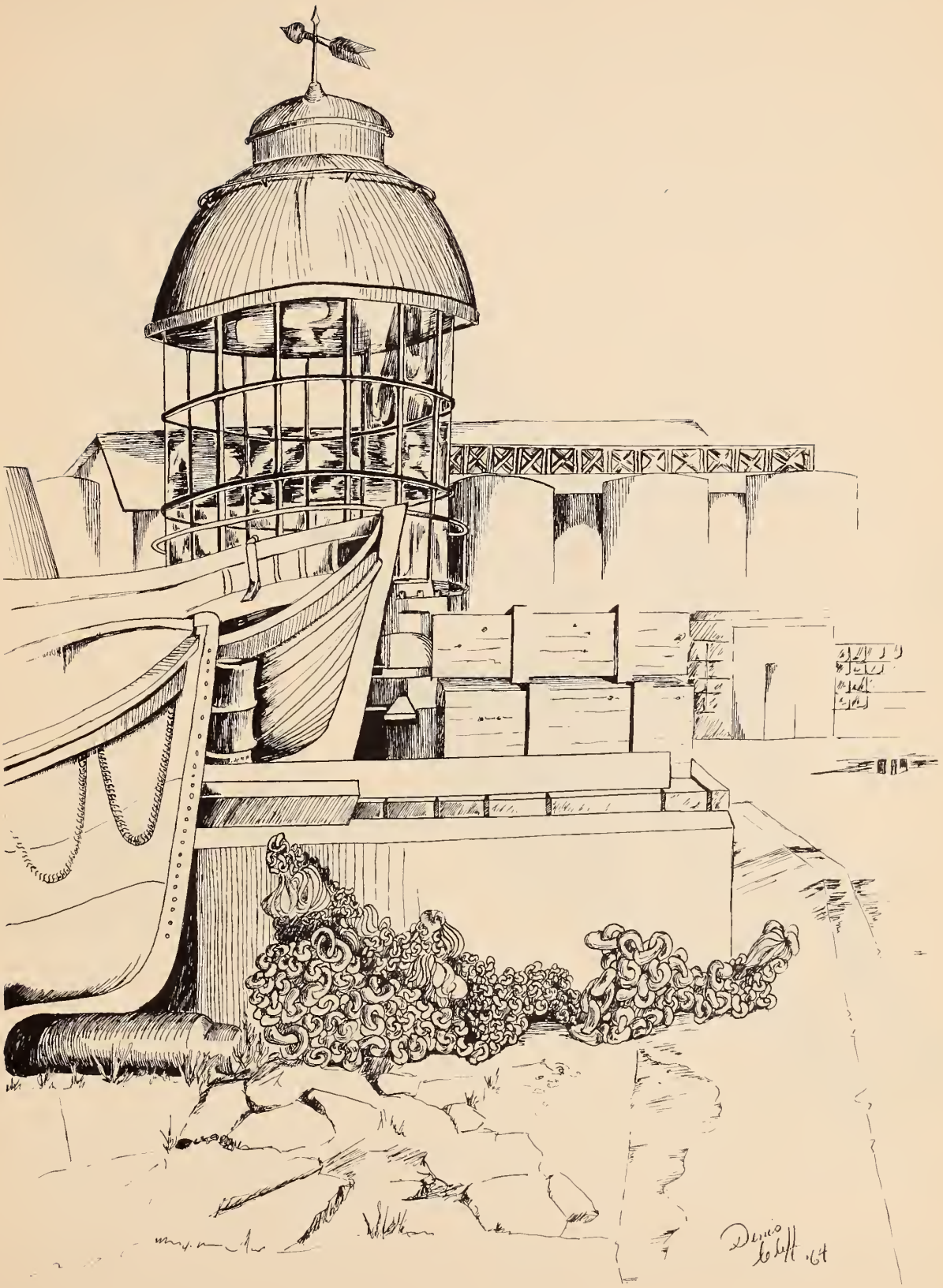
When I viewed the mural a group of first year students stood before it, raucously voicing their ignorance and lamenting "the waste of money". Siebner stood cleverly concealed in their midst, smiling enigmatically. I coaxed him out and he generously explained his work to the unbelievers.

Is it a wast of three thou? Its creation took Siebner at least 400 hours and he had to sub-contract for cement and setting. Compare this to Jean Jacque Riopelle's legendary airport mural, he painted it in six hours and received $40,000. If you cannot appreciate Siebner's mural at least respect the time, talent and sheer physical force that went into it.



On the following pages is a selection from the sketches of three Fine Arts students on campus. On page fourteen are the anatomical sketches of Toni Aish and the hands and feet studies of Denis Cliff. The compulsory sketch books of Fine Arts students are filled with such studies, contrary of course to the popular myth that art students are using their hut to practice toe-printing techniques. Every art student realizes that to paint in the abstract one must first comprehend the concrete. On page fifteen is a pen and ink sketch drawn by Denis Cliff at the waterfront area on the other side of the Johnson Street bridge. Denis' style is realistic, but he has stylized, emphasized or simplified for the particular effect he gets. His stylization of the chains in the foreground is one of the highlights of this study. Page sixteen is devoted to a wash study of a nude by Carolyn Wild, painted in the Fine Arts Hut at one of the bi-weekly life classes. These classes give the students a chance to draw the human figure undraped, an essential part of training. The Fine Arts Hut is usually open to visitors, and currently hanging on its walls are a series of collages done by Donald Harvey's Class. They offer a wide variety of techniques and a consistent understanding of sensitivity.


GRAPHICS



ARISTOTLE AND THE LUGER

By Julian Reid

Precise as Statics and Dynamics; clean
of contour as Brancusi's *Bird*; yet hard
as Aryan Supremacy — this gun
rests in my fist, massive with black potential.

Form is potential realized; and the form
of Gun is Gun In Action: not just Gun
Firing, but Gun Killing — thus, unfired,
this gun is like cold clay not yet infused
with life; and its potential to be realized
is Death: not death, the simple shutting off
of life in suicide, but Death the abstract,
when mimic strangers, animate in semblance,
stumble and gibber and with a twitch lie still,
their mortal forms stiffening back to clay.

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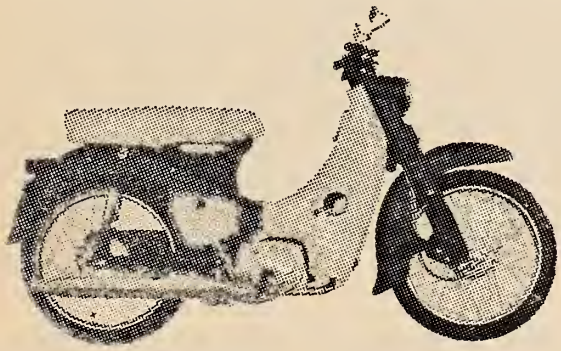

A cute campus co-ed named Wanda
Says there is nothing of which she is fonder
Than all of the joys
(Like whistles from boys!)
As she tootles about on her Honda.

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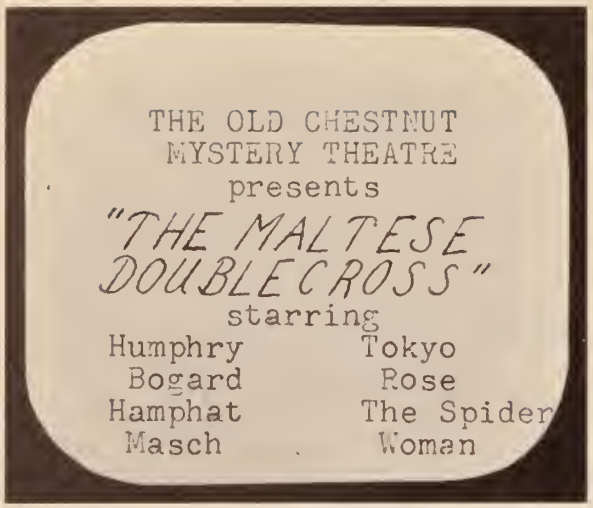
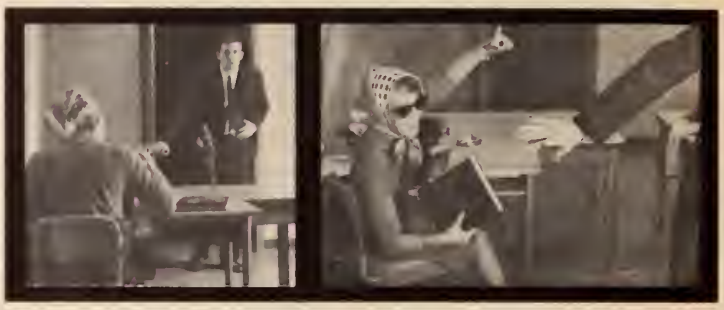


THE LATE, LATE, LATE, LATE SHOW!

Boy, what a movie I saw on television last night! It was one of them real complexical mystery detective shows. My favourite actor, Humphry Bogard, was playing my favourite detective character, Sam Shovel, Etaoin Shrdlu was playing Joe Pick, his partner. And there was this real posh drop o' guts playing the vamp. Boy, was she sumpthin'! An' then there was this real creepy guy who played a mad genius or sumpthin'. He was the villain and he was behind it all. And, oh yeah, there was that funny secretary, Miss Drab, who's always in them detective shows. And this big burly guy who didn't have a name. Hamphat Masch played his part.



The story begins when Sam Shovel, who's just finished his last caper, stumbles into the office. Boy, does he look beat! Miss Drab is typing at her desk.

She makes a pass at Sam but he doesn't notice. Then she gives him the file on his last caper, the Case of the Poisoned Popsicle, to put in the cabinet.

But when he opens the cabinet, out falls Joe Pick, his partner. He is not drunk this time. He is dead. "Sizzling sapphires!" says Sam. "Somebody musta croaked him!"

He looks at him like he's real unimpressed, but you can tell he's really all broke up inside. Then he notices the dame. Hotcha!

She's standing there like a real sireen and she says her name is Voluptua Van VaVa Voom. Boy! What do you think Sam does now?

Nothing, 'cause one of them commercials comes on. "Drop Gorobarf on, lift corns off." Etch. It's enough to give you gas. But then the show comes back.

What a position Sam's in now! This gorgeous vamp is trying to make Sam forget about his dead partner and she wants him to give her something.

But good ol' Sam! He doesn't even know what she wants, but he's not going to give it to her. He just rumpages her right out of that office.

Later, after Miss Drab's got through warning him to be careful, Sam goes out. "Why would someone knock off that little boob?" he wonders out loud.

But he shoulda been on his guard, 'cause this big burly thug grabs him and starts to clobber him with a club. What a pounding poor ol' Sam takes!

The thug keeps on pounding him and Ol' Sam just lies there. This guy is after whatever the broad was after and he probably killed Sam's partner too.

But he doesn't see Miss Drab, who is going home too. Boy, does she light into him! She keeps a horseshoe in her purse for good luck.

Whoooeee! Does she ever give him a pasting! Meanwhile ol' Sam just lies there. He is unconscious, it looks like. So is the big lug when *she* gets through.

She drags the thug into Sam's office, and Joe, who isn't dead after all carries Sam. The bad guys killed Joe's twin brother Moe by mistake, it seems. Then . . .

Another commercial! "What do doctors advise for headaches? Well, back in Buchenwald ve used to use a steel band and a . . ."

Then the movie comes back on. Sam says the club that hit him is really a rare antique that would be used by only one man, the Baron von Morderlieb.

Sam says that the Baron is an archfiend and a mad genius who lives in a secret castle and is the mastermind behind all sorts of murders and crimes.

What Sam doesn't know is that the mad genius is after Sam's ring, which is a priceless heirloom. He found it in an old pair of pants and is ignorant of what it is.

What Sam also doesn't know is that the mad genius is at this moment not in his secret castle, but in the office building across the street.

He has a high-powered rifle with a telescope on it, and he is zeroing in on Sam who is sitting at his desk. Sam is about to die!

Then! Another commercial! They get worse and thicker every day. "Momeee! There's no more Bumf!" It's enough to make you sick.

In Sam's office, though, you should see what's happening! The villain shoots but he doesn't hit Sam. He hits the thug, who is tied up at Sam's desk. Ha Ha.

Good ol' Sam! Outsmarted him again! When the mad genius comes to get the ring off Sam's body, does he get a surprise! It shouldn't happen to a dog.

In the end the bad guys are lying there, dead. "I never did know what that fiend wanted," says Sam. "Oh, shut up, you ignoramus," says Miss Drab playfully.

Sam is going to thump her one, but he notices VaVa is back. She says she is sorry and Sam forgives her. Joe is getting pretty cubby with Miss Drab who's not drab after all.

It all ends happily, and hooboy! I can't wait 'till that programme comes on next week. They're showing *Brave New World* with Rock Hudson and Doris Day. Typical.

ON THE ROAD *(continued from page 8)*

ing up six flights of stairs, I was firmly nestled in the cabin.

* * *

A shift in the weather a few hours later, however, provided overwhelming incentive to keep on. My fast waning determination paid off eventually when a dapper little businessman stopped his car and motioned me to jump in. This human was just brimming with self righteousness and revivalism. He also had a mania for conversation. I tell you an absolute fact; this brainy eccentric had theories on almost any subject under the sun including vegetarianism, the drama, politics and music: and he declared that these beliefs were amply substantiated by his hand with pamphlets, letters, and the odd paperback. What he said was lucid and graphic but he had a tendency to switch back and forth from one subject to the next with such rapidity that I found myself offering opinions concerning topics long since dead and buried. It was perplexing, confusing, flabbergasting. I tried to fall asleep to escape this ingenious little zealot but he had a convenient habit of poking his seemingly enthralled listener just above the ribs to emphasize his point. Apathy was out so I tried aggressiveness. I had to do something. He was poking and sometimes jabbing to accentuate his more staunch beliefs at the astounding rate of three per minute. We had three hours to go and desperate calculation revealed I'd have a caved in chest before we were halfway to D.C. Ever been poked and jabbed with a musclely hard forefinger 540 times just below the brisket. My life was at stake.

So I jumped on the bandwagon. But my topic was basketball. Every facet was explored including its origin, its growth, its present status. Only my dissertation embodied far more violent demonstrations than he could ever hope to parallel. It didn't matter if my info was correct just as long as I threw in a few statistics, carefully spaced to ensure at least a ring of truth. Sometimes he just about caught me when I asserted without a flicker that good old basketball was by far the most ancient sport known to mankind. He mumbled something about python stalking fitting into this category but his weak offer was all but lost in the pandemonium that followed. I showed, not explained, every shot in the book and when my boundless energy helped in ripping off his cap and administering an exceptionally hard thump on the beazzle while executing a right-handed hook shot, he completely broke down.

He whimpered a bit but later he stopped and pulling himself erect, he resolutely looked to neither left nor right but glued his attentions on the road ahead.

* * *

Two hours and no words later he unceremoniously dumped me off into the middle of my next predicament.

ET EGO IN PHILADELPHIA

By PETER L. SMITH

During the last week of August, Philadelphia was a city in the headlines. To the delirious joy of the thousands who were filling Connie Mack Stadium, the ill-starred Phillies were soaring to an apparently certain National League pennant. In the overcrowded slums on the north side of town, racial tension that had been aggravated by night after night of sticky humidity produced a sudden outburst of aimless violence. As well, the city was politically alive with the excitement of the Democratic nominating convention in nearby Atlantic City. Now I too was in Philadelphia during that dramatic week, though by comparison my purpose may appear commonplace: I was the University's representative — and *Centurion* correspondent — at the Fourth International Congress of Classical Studies. In its own way, this was an event of headline interest and significance.

I hasten to point out that this was not just a routine

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Halleloooooyah!
Bought every record that I own from Kent's,
Hallel - oo - oo - yah!
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academic convention, though it was sponsored by two learned societies, the American Philological Association and the Archaeological Institute of America. If you are not familiar with run-of-the-mill learned society meetings, I can assure you that they would seem (to all but the partisan scholar) rather dull affairs: many worthy papers are read, often by earnest unknowns in search of tenure and acceptance; many rooms are filled with the smoke of political intrigue, as jobs are won and lost, and academic recruits are lured from campus to campus. These ordinary conventions are important, but hardly newsworthy; professionally stimulating, but seldom spectacular.

In contrast, an international congress has an aura of glamour that would impress even the outsider; and the Philadelphia Congress, the first such classical gathering ever held in the New World, was a glittering assembly. Here was an incredible collection of about a thousand classical scholars from twenty-five or thirty different countries — almost all of the renowned and the truly great, mingling with some fortunate representatives of the obscure and the merely hopeful. I found the week's experience a source of continuous excitement, a pilgrimage to Parnassus.

Though we often use the phrase "a community of scholars", I have never before felt it to be so literally apropos. Most of us were housed in the lavish Women's Residence of the University of Pennsylvania, built in 1962 by Eero Saarinen. Here, when we were not attending formal sessions, we would gather to eat our meals or to pass the time in friendly discussion — often until long after midnight. There is an almost illicit pleasure to be gained from indulging in academic shop-talk at breakfast or in the shower. And most thrilling for me were the casual, accidental encounters with the giants among whom we moved. Once I was joined for dinner by a modest young Englishman who turned out to be John Chadwick, co-decipherer with Ventris of Linear B, and the ranking living authority on the Mycenaean world. Another time I had lunch with W. B. Stanford of Dublin, one of the most brilliant and humane of Greek scholars, renowned for his work on Homer and Aristophanes. The air felt charged with intellectual energy.

The first impression gained by an observer might be that of diversity of interest; for classical scholarship is multifaceted, consisting as it does of enquiry into all aspects of ancient Greco-Roman civilization. Many of us, if cornered, would confess ourselves literary critics or historians; other owed primary allegiance to archaeology, in its many branches; still others were linguists or textual critics or papyrologists or jurists or numismatists. This diversity was reflected in the public lectures, which ranged from Homer through pre-Socratic philosophy to the art and architecture of the second century A.D. If one wished, it was possible to attend sessions on ancient rhetoric, on Hellenistic Egypt, or on politics in Greek tragedy.

Yet for all the diversity there remained the deeper impression that we were first and foremost classicists, whatever may have been our field of scholarly specialization. I was struck by this sense of unity, this communal interest and exchange of knowledge. To what extent, I wonder, is there analogous integration of knowledge in other fields? In English studies, for example, how continuous and how fruitful is the exchange between literary critics and historians? Is there a serious effort made to relate poetry to architecture, philosophy to mathematics, drama to political doctrine? In recent years, it has become academically fashionable to offer programmes of "area studies", whereby a student will major, say, in the European Renaissance or in Latin America or in French Canada. It was apparent from the Philadelphia Congress that classicists have recovered from their nineteenth-century philological excesses to create a unified "area study" embracing 2,000 richly productive years of human civilization. In addresses by humanists such as Gerald Else, Geoffrey Kirk, or Viktor Pöschl, there was obvious a confident grasp not only of Greek and Latin literature, but also of political and intellectual history and of developments in art and archaeology. The international aspect of the Congress served only to accentuate this sense of spiritual unity; for harmonious conclusions were reached by scholars of strikingly varied backgrounds, delivering papers in five official languages.

To be a vital discipline, any field of scholarship must extend its frontiers of discovery, must be exposed to new and challenging ideas, must experience the tension of controversy. How, I have been asked, can this situation prevail in classics, where all of the answers must surely have been found in a millennium of scholarship, and where vigorous dispute must surely have yielded to comfortable orthodoxy?

In reply, I can say that the great majority of the papers that I heard at Philadelphia could not have been written ten years ago, so rapid has been the growth of knowledge about the ancient world and so profound have been the changes in our criteria of judgment. It has been necessary, for example, to make a complete re-appraisal of Homeric poetry and of early Aegean history in the light of the Ventris and Chadwick decipherment and other archaeological advances of the past decade. In Philadelphia, moreover, we heard Rhys Carpenter use his brilliant creative imagination to expound a totally new theory which, if accepted, would force a fresh interpretation of 300 years of early Greek history. We heard Louis DeLatte

of Liège give an account of the extraordinary use now being made of computers in classical philology. We heard Eric Turner of London discuss the reconstruction of yet another comedy of Menander, painfully brought to light by the patient art of papyrology. We heard George Bass of the host University of Pennsylvania describe his pioneer work in the romantic and dangerous field of underwater archaeology, and saw his film on the recent recovery of priceless sunken treasures from the Aegean. As a dramatic climax, we heard Massimo Pallottino of Rome announce the discovery — *only six weeks earlier* — of inscribed gold plaques from the Etruscan sanctuary of Pyrgi, plaques which may prove to hold the key to the language and culture of this mysterious pre-Roman civilization.

To the tired businessman, Philadelphia has always been a city of notoriously little appeal: you may have heard the ancient lament, "I spent a week in Philadelphia yesterday." But to me the home of William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, and Independence Hall is a city alive with history, a city firmly committed to spiritual progress and to human dignity. Despite the recent racial troubles, it is a city of high idealism, with an excellent record in practical legislation. I was reminded everywhere in Philadelphia of the Greco-Roman heritage of American civilization, not only by the neoclassical architecture of the Museum of Art and the Franklin Institute, but also by the hellenic ideals that were here transmitted into the Constitution of the United States and thus into the permanent fabric of American society. Because the classical tradition has been so meaningful and relevant in this city — was once in fact the catalyst for revolutionary change — I felt strengthened in my conviction that the classical humanist can exert a similarly vital influence in our arrogant world of the twentieth century.

In retrospect, I believe that my most lasting memories of this International Congress will be not the public and the profound, but rather the private and the personal. After four years in Western Canada, I felt a sweet nostalgia to be again in the lively world of the Eastern States. The traditional permanence of weathered stone and ivy . . . a fleeting conversation with Richmond Lattimore on his partially complete translation of the *Odyssey* . . . new friendships . . . a firefly chase at dusk, over the steeply rolling lawns of Bryn Mawr, with victory going to John Sullivan, our Anglo-Texan summer visitor in Victoria. Ultimately, there may be less wisdom to be gained from the most brilliant feats of pure scholarship than from the warmth of personal contact between like-minded human beings. Not all the triumphs of Academe belong to the cloister or the laboratory.

THE SENSE OF HAPPINESS

By TAKEYOSHI SHIOZAWA

We Japanese people seldom use the words "Happiness" or "Being happy", in comparison to Americans or other foreigners. If we say "I'm happy" or "I feel happy today", especially in daily conversation, these words sound snobbish and artificial like the words in a play.

For a long time Japanese were taught that the sense of happiness is a dangerous thing. Many moral books in Japanese say, "Nine tenths is unsufficient, but ten tenths is too much." This means, it is dangerous and the source of unhappiness that people satisfy themselves too much, even if the satisfaction is not sin. The idea originated from famous Chinese saints. Their ideal way of living was "little and known satisfaction". Japanese people thought if you have many properties you must worry always whether another people steal them or not. They knew that after they spent their money they also lost their friends. So it was their natural thought that if they had not any money at first, they did not need to worry. One famous Japanese essayist wrote, "The more you have, the more you worry, and property is but an aid to inviting bad things." He thought, "If one has sufficient things to maintain his daily life, one must be satisfied." (He lived about 500 years ago.)

But when it came to Edo feudal government (1600-1860), the governors tried to teach this theory of dangerous happiness using many oppressive powers. The famous scholar, Ekken Kaibara, said, "There are limits to material things, but there are no limits to man's wishes. If you follow your unlimited wishes, you will surely finish your property and must die in poverty. And it will also lead the unhappiness of your sons and grandsons. So be satisfied with what you have now and don't want so much." "When you drink, enjoy a little, when you see a flower, enjoy it half blooming." Under such oppression, the feeling of the common people is that if there is not any happiness without unhappiness, they will give up happiness.

Of course in modern Japan people are not taught that happiness is dangerous or that you will be punished by God if you indulge in happiness. But we cannot deny that the feudal oppressive teaching is still inherited unconsciously.

This way of feeling and thinking could be called a nihilism, Japanese nihilism. This originates from Buddhism and has been influencing Japanese life deeply for a long time.

A typical example of this way of thinking might be that of "*Tsurezuregusa*" and "Hō jō ki", written by Kenkō and Chōmei. Kenkō wrote in his essay, "Even in a big castle, I cannot bear to live, the present is

uncertain; why do you search for happiness in such a changing place?" Chōmei also wrote, "This life on earth is nothing but momentary, both those for whom you worry and that you let your eyes enjoy. The dweller and the dwelling are like the dew and the morning glory. They are caught up in the struggle of change." Japanese children learn these essays at school and are also taught that the kind of conception is typical of Japanese thinking. So it's natural for them to feel life as a vacillate thing.

Japanese literature in history sang of life as an ambiguous thing. In the Edo period, a Hakuin-zen priest sang, "Even a millionaire will have nothing after death; human life is mere uncertainty thus I name it a life of dew; in this unreliable present why do you store gold and silver?" He preached to the people that they should not indulge themselves in searching for gold and silver by warning them that happiness could not help them in this unreliable present. This conception was taught among the Bushi feudal soldiers. As a reason for their not sticking to life. The Bushi Code said, "Bushi should always be determined to be able to die, today exists but don't expect tomorrow." Under such circumstances how could people enjoy their happiness? Anyway for the common people and for Bushi what is important is to put only slight value on the present life. Buddhists could think life unstable because they could believe in life after death; Bushi could easily give their life, for they had one definite value, obedience to their master. In both cases they had an absolute, unchanging value for which they could sacrifice present happiness. When it came to the Meiji period (1860-), absolute value was put on the Emperor. And it lasted until the end of World War II.

What Buddhism taught is, if I may make it simple, not if one is prepared, he need not cry or sorrow even if he comes across a desperate unhappiness.

Lastly, even though I have been discussing that Japanese people take happiness as a dangerous or fleeting thing, it does not mean they are not happy. They just don't like to say "happy" for fear of the reaction. Yes, I dare say, they feel a little resistance to the word "happiness", as if it is an alien thing.

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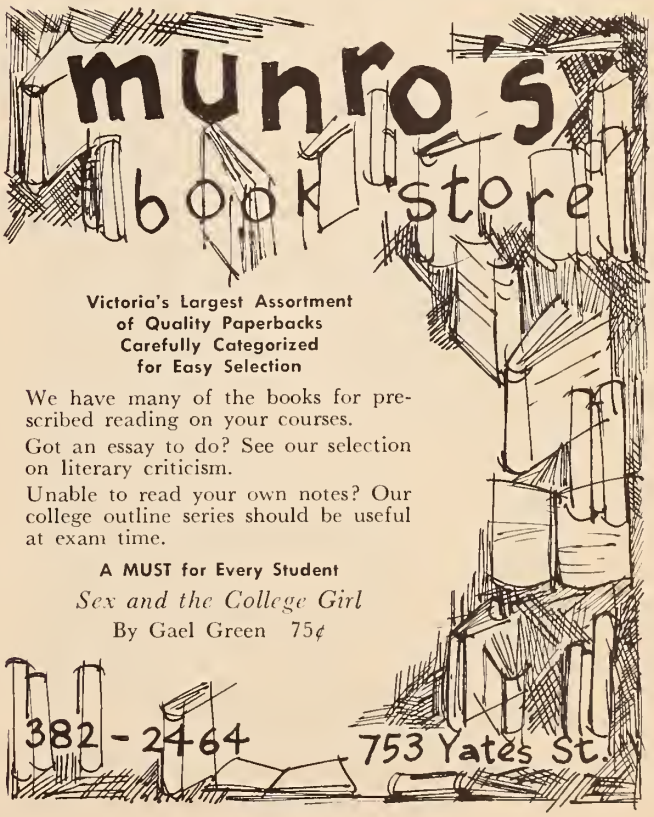
DAMN THE UTOPIA; FULL STUPIDITY AHEAD

By MIKE HORN

One of the malconceived notions which dominate our society is the aphorism that criticism must be constructive. We hear people and institutions being ripped limb from limb verbally only to hear the critic conclude by drawing attention to "something positive."

Such little gems of hypocrisy seem necessary to preserve the critic from social ostracism; but whatever their motivation they exhibit a curious sameness. If only Adolf Hitler had developed his love of dogs and passion for good roads at the expense of all his demonstrably loathesome qualities. If only Social Credit exhibited everywhere the generosity displayed in its lavish construction of ferries, bridges, and bond-burning rafts. Such constructive sentiments, of course, are invariably accompanied by some pointed little homily intended to demonstrate exactly how improvement might be achieved.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The destructive critic rejects this approach and for good reason. Suggest that melioration is possible, and you, the critic, become a moralist, a preacher, yea, a utopian. Nothing should be further from the true critic's mind. This admirable creature is rooted unshakeably in the present. The past he sees as the historical record of stupidity; the future interests him but little. Not his the task to suggest what course posterity ought to adopt; his duty is to mulct the past and present for what they are worth in demonstrating the triteness, the ridiculousness, the utter denseness and the downright inanity of man and his works.

His vantage point is that of enlightenment, amused if not detached, his purpose to tickle the funnybone, to elicit the titter, the healthy laugh, the hearty guffaw, the rich and satisfying gutbuster.

Destructive criticism is clearly not a venture in improvement but an exercise in artistic expression. It uncovers the countless facets of stupidity and embroiders this raw material to exhibit man's matchless obtuseness to most laughable advantage. Our critic, therefore, does not basically desire to see utopia realized, for this would destroy his peculiar art form; the notion of Heaven is to him anathema, for criticism would not be permitted there.

And who is to say that he is wrong? No one knows whether man's predicament will or can ever be resolved; in the meantime priests and philosophers alike enrich themselves by exploiting his feeling of discomfort. Why should the destructive critic not more justifiably exploit the plight of homo sapiens to the end of laughter?

It was said of Voltaire that he destroyed better than he created, and many have found this sufficient condemnation. The true critic must disagree with them. Voltaire was undeniably entertaining; and in a world as silly as ours man's highest activity may well be laughter. The destructive critic, so long as he succeeds in amusing intelligent and perceptive people, is in all likelihood mankind's most exalted prophet.

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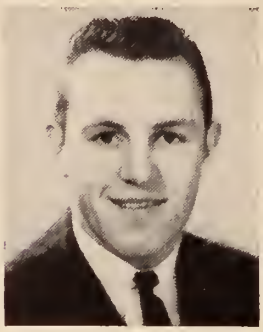


JAMES F. MOODY ANSWERS *YOUR* QUESTIONS ABOUT INSURANCE

WHY SHOULD THE COLLEGE STUDENT BUY LIFE INSURANCE

Today you have a priceless asset — youth! Youth can plan the future — old age can only reflect on the past.

A wise young man will plan a life insurance estate that he can build step by step as his needs and income increase. While you are young we suggest that you select a basic or cornerstone policy upon which you can build your future completed plan.

One of the most common questions asked of me today is, and I quote, "What do I need life insurance for? I don't have any dependents." Frankly, this statement has truth in it and I agree with them in most cases. However, let's consider two factors: cost and future insurability. The younger a person is, the lower his premiums are when he purchases life insurance. If a man procrastinates in purchasing insurance, his premiums will increase as his age increases from year to year.

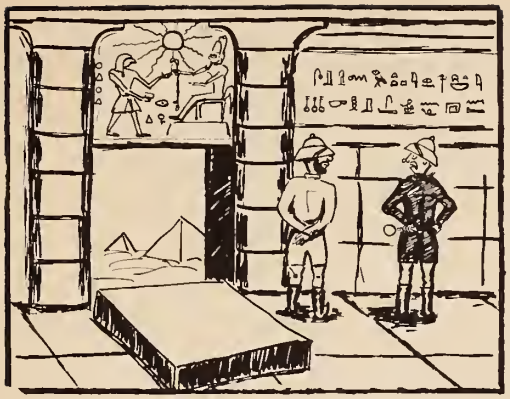
I recommend that when a young man buys insurance a guaranteed insurability benefit should be added.

This will enable him to increase his protection every three years, commencing on his 25th birthday, without any compulsory medical inspection. Of course, the policy owner is not obligated to purchase additional protection, but will be notified by the company of his opportunity to do so. Every three years following his 25th birthday, he can purchase additional protection until the age of 40, at which time the rider terminates and there will be a slight reduction in premium.

In my next column I will discuss how life insurance is being used today to create an estate and to conserve this estate against heavy losses resulting from taxation.

James F. Moody
Victoria Representative
The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company

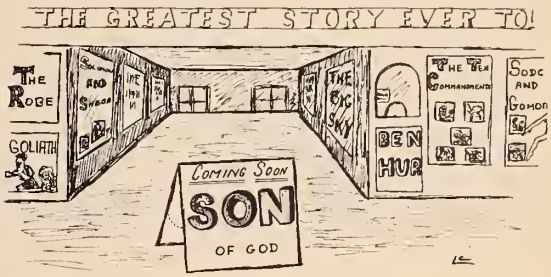
For personal answers to *your* insurance questions, call on James F. Moody in his office at 625 Fort Street, or telephone him at 385-5751.



"It says, 'To hell with Jessica Mitford'."

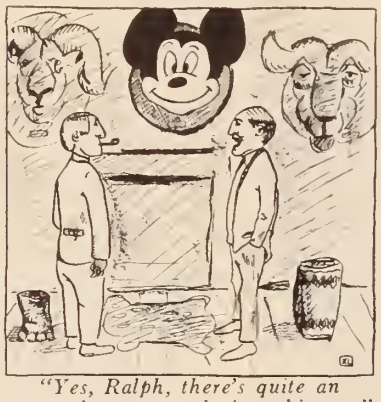
It all started as a hobby — something to keep my mind off the laundry.

"Omygod MICE!"



Take me to your Leda

"Regrettably only one of you was in good enough shape to pass the course."



"Yes, Ralph, there's quite an unusual story attached to this one."

"How do you take yours?"

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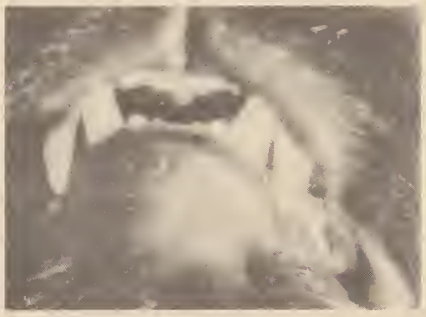
UVIC ARCHIVES

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Crud is "The Best For The Souse"

Knight of the Iguana

1. "On the jungle island of Hukimaia a man just isn't a man until he braves the reptile pit," writes Everett Armstrong, friend of Canadian Crud from West Saanich. "I chose the most difficult, the formidable iguanas, in an attempt to qualify for that most coveted distinction, knighthood in the order of the Spiney Iguana. "They're not so bad as all that," smiled Baron Von Morderlieb, my host and curator of the legendary Necrophilia Gardens. 'They're not carnivores—just don't get 'em angry'."

2. "Gingerly I edged my way into the pit to complete the ordeal. That's when I noticed—some of those stingy spines on the beasts weren't spines at all—they were *pics*!!"



3. "I don't remember much after that; teeth, claws, spines, pain, horror, nausea —it's all one blur, ending in blackout."

4. "It was six days later when I woke up in the Baron's private hospital. Naturally, he pumped me full of Canadian Crud in an idiot attempt to molify me. But it won't wash. I told him, 'I'm gonna sue the pants off you when I get out of . . . . . My God! on the wall—poisonous scorpions!! eeaaagghhhh!!!

IN 87 LANDS . . . "THE BEST FOR THE SOUSE"

Canadian Crud